

LAW
BREAKERS

LAW BREAKERS



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NO. 9



STAN
CAMPBELL

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MINUTE CLUES

MAGGIE TYLER A CLEANING WOMAN... ENTERS THE ONE ROOM APARTMENT OF CHRIS AND REX KAYNE...



MAGGIE CALLS THE POLICE AND CHRIS' HUSBAND, REX, AT HIS OFFICE.

INSPECTOR O'SHEA ARRIVES AND INVESTIGATES...



ARE THERE ANY OTHER WINDOWS?

CHRIS... CHRIS... WHAT HAPPENED?



WHY IS SHE WEARING HER BATH-ROBE? SHE WAS DRESSED AND READY TO GO OUT WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING! SEE... I TOOK THIS PICTURE WITH MY RAPID PRESS CAMERA. IT DEVELOPS THE PICTURE AS SOON AS YOU TAKE IT!

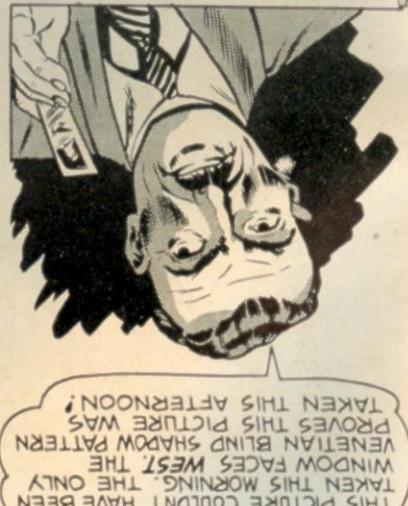


I TOOK IT BEFORE I WENT TO WORK!

THAT'S ALL, I KNOW YOU'RE LYING. YOU MURDERED YOUR WIFE, KAYNE!



AT 4:30 P.M. HIS WIFE HAD CALLED IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN. HE HAD REFUSED HER A DIVORCE. SHE BEGAN TO TALK HIM AND THAT MORNING HE HAD LOST CONTROL OF HIM. HE HAD KILLED HER! THE PICTURE HAD BEEN TAKEN THE PREVIOUS AFTERNOON.



LAWBREAKERS

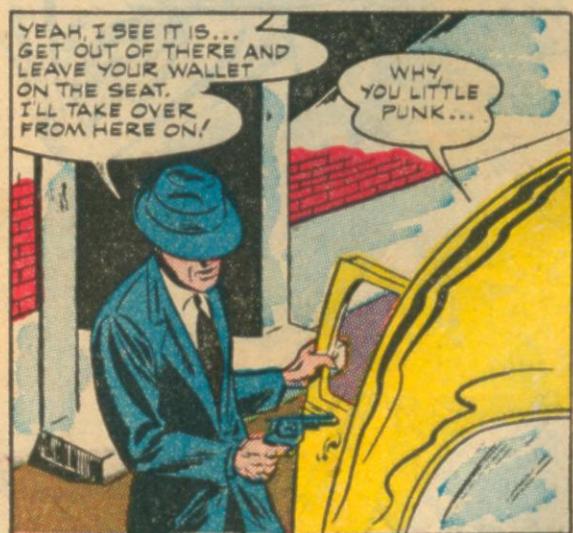
AMONG THE WORST CRIMINALS IN HISTORY ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LED UNSPECTACULAR LIVES FOR YEARS, AND WHO, FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER, HAVE SUDDENLY GONE OFF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW AND TAKEN TO VIOLENCE. SUCH ACTION CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO A MYRIAD OF REASONS... MENTAL DISORDERS... THE FINAL TIRING OF A POVERTY-RIPPED OR HUMDRUM LIFE... OR MERELY THE SEEKING OF A "THRILL"... ARE A FEW OF THEM. BUT POLICE WILL TELL YOU THAT WHATEVER THE REASON, THE OUTCOME IS USUALLY....

A DAY FOR HOMICIDE

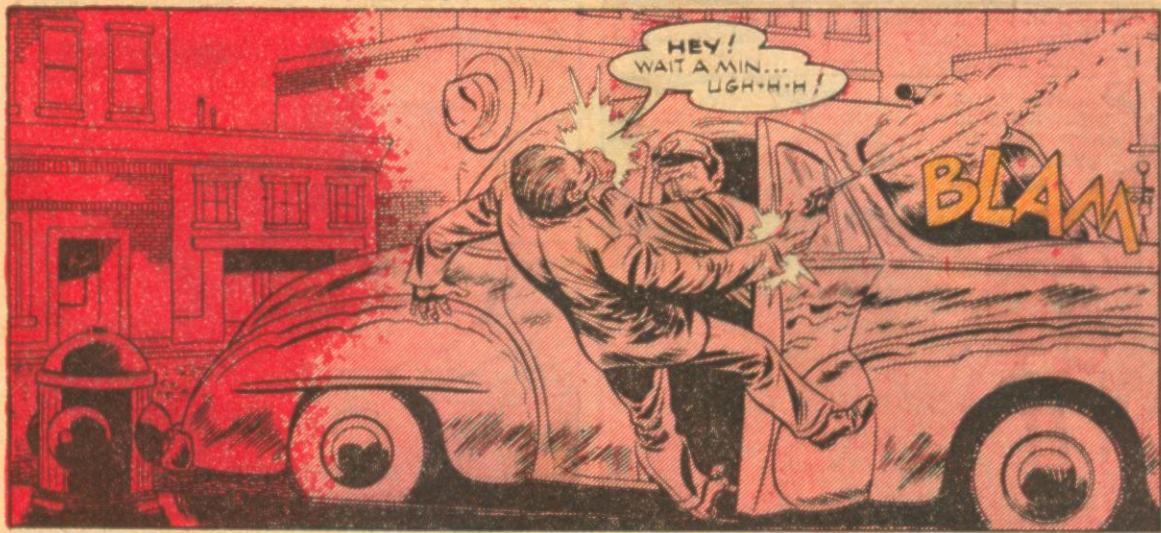


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... AND LATELY IT SEEMED AS THOUGH POVERTY WAS WINNING ...



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NEXT TIME YOU'LL PICK
ON SOMEBODY YOU CAN
HANDLE, YOU LITTLE RAT!
NOW MAYBE I'LL TAKE
YOUR WALLET ALONG
WITH ME...

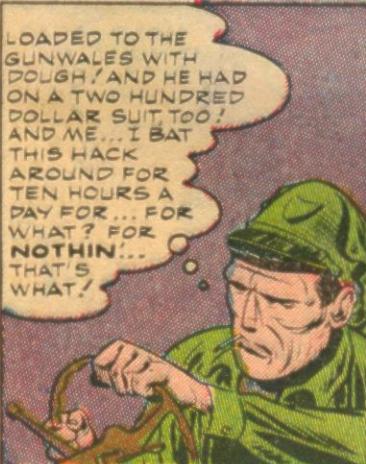


LET'S SEE IF YOU GOT ENOUGH TO PAY FOR YOUR
RIDE... HOLY MACKEREL! YOU'RE CARRYIN'
HALF A FORT KNOX AROUND WITH YOU! WELL,
I'LL JUST TAKE ALL OF IT FOR MY TROUBLE... AND
THAT GUN, TOO...



UNAWARE THAT THE GUNMAN WAS
DEAD, MALONE GOT BACK IN HIS
CAB AND LEFT...

LOADED TO THE
GUNWALES WITH
DOUGH! AND HE HAD
ON A TWO HUNDRED
DOLLAR SUIT, TOO!
AND ME... I BAT
THIS HACK
AROUND FOR
TEN HOURS A
DAY FOR... FOR
WHAT? FOR
NOTHIN'...
THAT'S
WHAT!



WORK ALL MY LIFE AND I AINT
GOT FIVE BUCKS IN THE BANK
TO SHOW FOR IT! AND GUYS
LIKE THAT RUNNIN AROUND
WITH A COUPLE A THOUSAND
IN THEIR POCKETS... OKAY,
WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE HIM? I
GOT HIS GUN, AINT I...?



THE GUNSHOT HAD ATTRACTED
PLENTY OF ATTENTION. BEFORE
WITNESSES COULD PHONE HIS
NUMBER IN, HOWEVER, MALONE
HAD COME TO A DECISION...
AND FROM THEN ON HE WAS
HARD TO CATCH UP WITH...

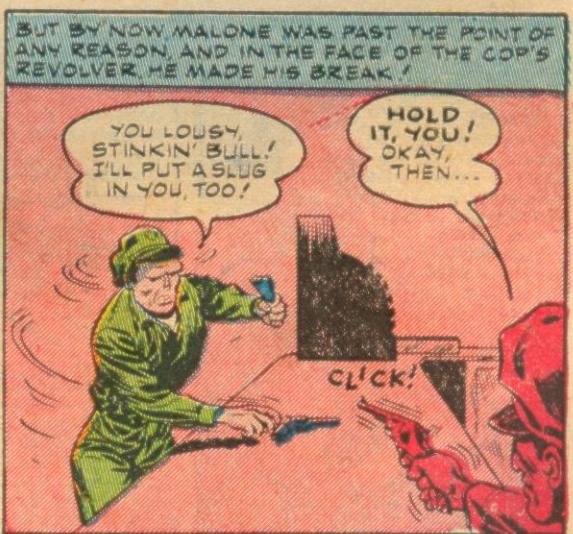
... HAVING DECIDED ON HIS
COURSE OF ACTION, MALONE
WENT IN SEARCH OF A LIKELY
VICTIM...

THAT JOINT
LOOKS LIKE A
GOOD PLACE TO
START WITH. NO-
BODY IN THERE
RIGHT NOW,
EITHER...



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LEAVING HIS HACK DOWN THE STREET, MALONE ENTERED THE DINER AND EMBARKED ON HIS NEW PROFESSION...

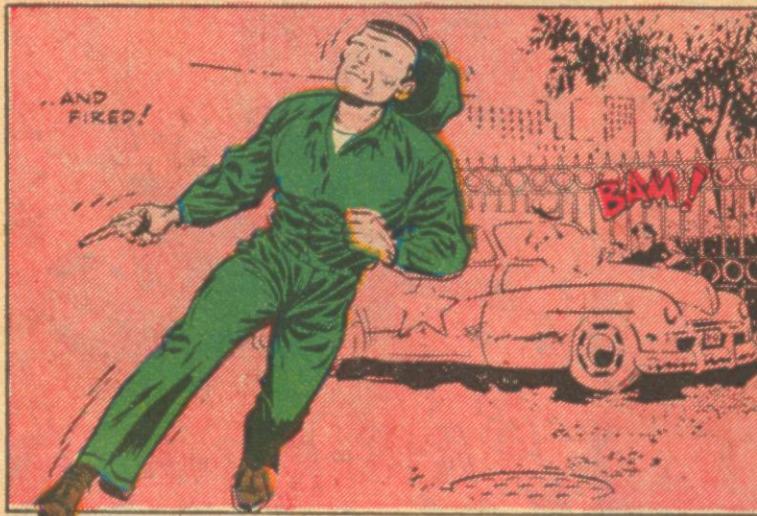


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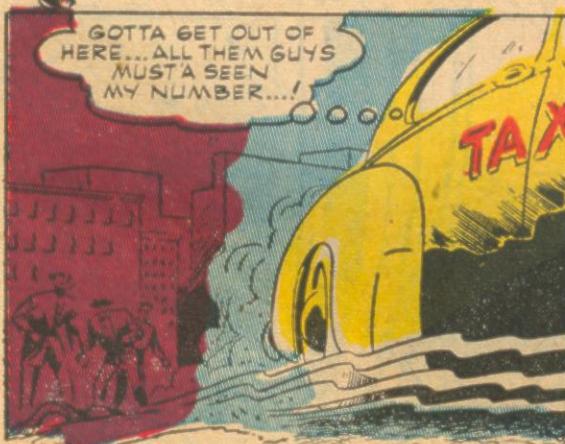
...AND LUCK, WHICH SOMETIMES WORKS FOR THE WICKED AS WELL AS THE GOOD, WAS WITH THE KILLER! THE OFFICER'S PISTOL MISFIRE AND MALONE'S FIRST SHOT SENT HIM TO HIS KNEES.



THE FIRST OFFICER'S PARTNER, WITNESSING THE SHOOTING, DIDN'T BOTHER TO CALL ON MALONE TO SURRENDER. AS MALONE EMERGED FROM THE DINER, HE TOOK CAREFUL AIM ...



TAKING IT FOR GRANTED THAT HIS FIRST SHOT HAD FINISHED THE KILLER, THE POLICEMAN APPROACHED, AND MALONE, WOUNDED IN THE SIDE, FIRED ANOTHER FATAL BULLET!



HIS POSITION WAS REPORTED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, AND RADIO CARS MOVED FROM ALL POINTS IN THE CITY IN AN EVER SMALLER CIRCLE.



MALONE WAS RIGHT, FOR ONCE... THEY SAW AND REPORTED HIS LICENSE... AND NOW THE COPS KNEW HIS TAXI, ON SIGHT, WHERE HE WAS AND IN WHAT DIRECTION HE HAD GONE.

LAWBREAKERS

AND WHEN THE CIRCLE GREW SMALL ENOUGH...



LAWBREAKERS

MEET JOHNNIE BACON, CRUEL, VIOLENT, A DOUBLE-CROSSER WHO BEGAN HIS "CAREER" IN SAN FRANCISCO AS A SMALL TIME HOOD SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR A PROTECTION RACKET. JOHNNIE DIDN'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS, AND UNDERSTANDABLY SO...FOR YOU SEE...

DEATH ^{WAS} HIS BUSINESS!



LAWBREAKERS



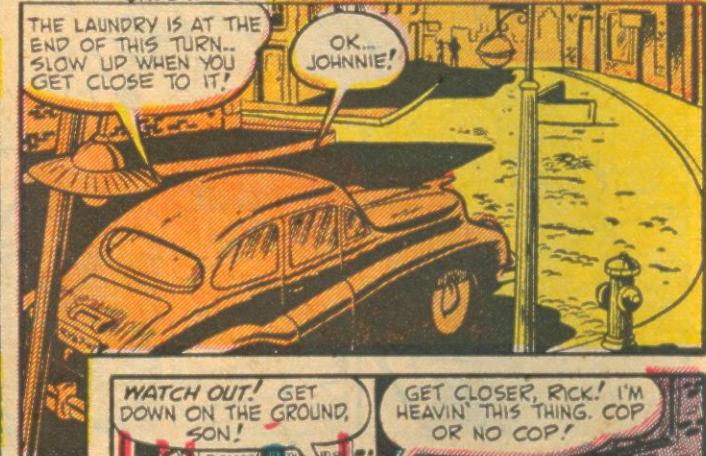
LATER THAT DAY, JOHNNIE BACON REPORTS TO HIS BOSS, CLIFF BANNON...



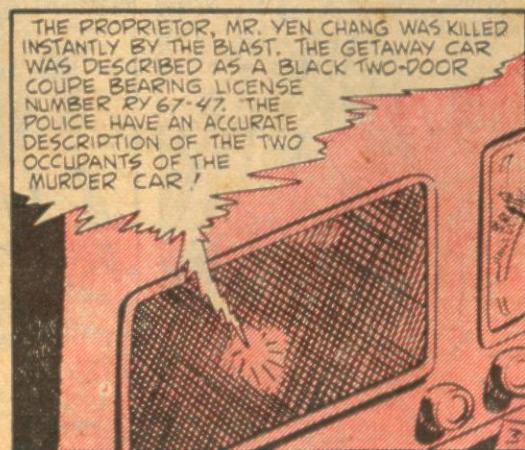
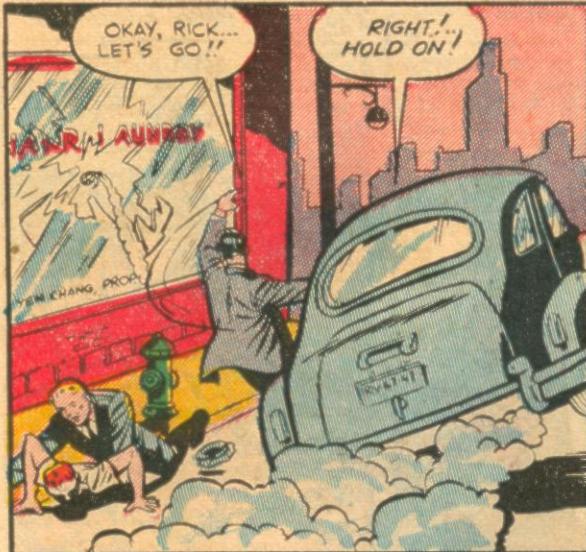
WHAT CAN YOU DO? I'LL TELL YOU! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT, OR ELSE THEY'LL ALL TRY. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SET MR. CHANG UP AS AN EXAMPLE...



IN THE EARLY EVENING OF THAT DAY, JOHNNIE BACON AND HIS BUDDY, RICK WALKER, SET OUT TO CARRY OUT CLIFF BANNON'S ORDERS TO THE DEFIANT MR. CHANG...



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OF ALL THE DUMB, BONE
HEADED STUNTS TO PULL.
WHEN YOU SAW THE
FLATFOOT YOU SHOULD'A
PASSED, AND GONE
BACK LATER!

GEE,
BOSS..
I'M
SORRY
I...

DON'T GIVE ME NO EXCUSES! YER
HOT, CLEAR OUT OF TOWN. HOLE
UP IN LOS ANGELES AT THE REX
HOTEL. I'LL HAVE THE LOCAL
BOYS CONTACT YOU THERE!

RIGHT, BOSS.
I'M ON MY WAY!

TWO WEEKS LATER... AT THE REX
HOTEL IN LOS ANGELES...

BUY A FLOWER,
MISTER? ONLY
A DIME!

THIS OLD LADY
HAS BEEN BOTHER-
ING ME FOR
THREE DAYS. I
WONDER...



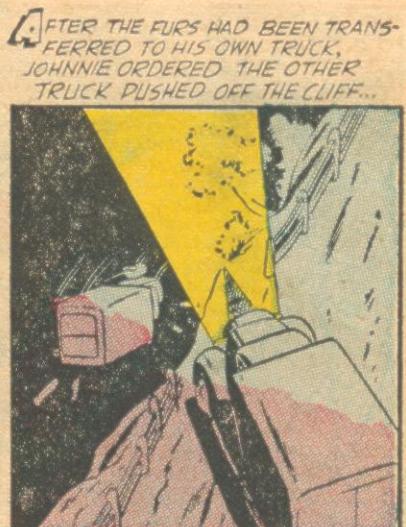
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THAT NIGHT, JOHNНИE, PETE, AND SLIM SET UP A BARRICADE ON THE EXPECTED ROUTE OF THE RIVAL MOBS TRUCK...



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ONE OF JOHNNIE'S ASSIGNMENTS WAS TO DESTROY A TUG LADEN WITH DOPE, TAKEN FROM A STEAMER ANCHORED BEYOND THE EYES OF THE LAW. THE DOPE WAS DESTINED FOR SALE BY THE RIVAL ORGANIZATION.



LAWBREAKERS

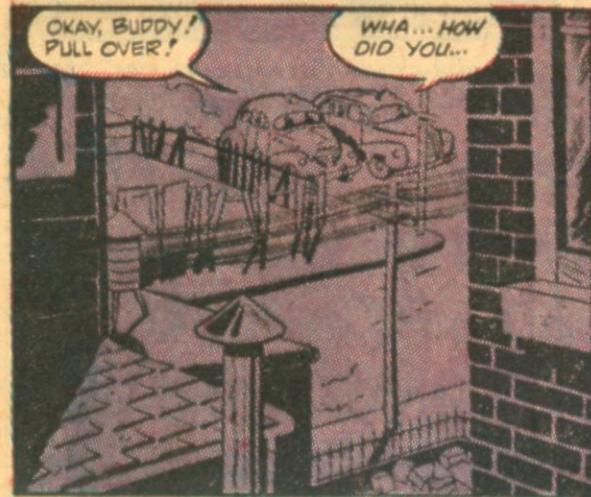


BY THIS TIME,
JOHNNIE HAD
COOLED OFF
IN SAN FRANCISCO.
HIS SUCCESS IN
LOS ANGELES
EARNED HIM A
GOOD "REP" IN
SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHNNIE
RETURNED
WITH SLIM
AND PETE
WITH A NEW
IDEA.



LAWBREAKERS



HE WANTED TO BE A DETECTIVE

Howard Simpson sighed, "we always want what we haven't got. Perhaps if we were color blind we wouldn't take the attitude that the grass is greener in the other fellow's pasture."

When finished with these words of wisdom, he moved his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh. On his ruddy face was a look of innocence. He had just devoured his thirteenth sandwich. Opposite him was a muscular man, well built, with brown hair and deep set black eyes. "What's eating you on a day like this?" he asked. "We should be having a good time but you seem downcast. Here you are, Howard Simpson, one of the feature writers on the STAR-TELEGRAM and all you do is complain."

"You misunderstand me, Frank," protested the unhappy man. "How would you like to write a daily column on baby care and be known as 'Tillie, the Wise Owl'?" Believe me I envy you with your job in the FBI. I am sick and tired of my work. Want to swap jobs?"

Frank Parsons laughed. "Your misery, especially with the bankroll getting fatter each week by \$200 makes my poor heart bleed. You stick to your baby stuff and I'll stick to my detective work."

In reply Howard Simpson put his hand in his coat pocket and came out with a booklet. "Since I've read this," he began "life has taken on a new horizon for me. It's called, 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons' and it's by J. Copeland. You can get it free for ten wrappers from Bibbo's Brown Bunchies. Plain or almond. Costs me nothing. The office boy eats them and throws the wrappers into the wastepaper basket. Shows you what a bit of salvage work can do."

Frank Parsons was about to take the booklet and tear it into small pieces when the sound of a siren at the entrance of the picnic ground attracted his attention. A state trooper came up to him. Frank recognized him as Sergeant Jed Harris, of Troop B. "Anything

wrong, Jed?" he asked. The trooper nodded. "Okay to speak in front of this man?" "He's Howard Simpson of the STAR-TELEGRAM and if it isn't confidential, you can shoot the works."

"Louis Marshall is dying in the hospital. He had a stroke while in his cell. He has been calling for you. Says you are the only one he will tell where he hid the stolen money. We learned it was your day off. Your housekeeper said you were out on a picnic. We have men out at other picnic areas looking for you. Get into your car and I'll lead the way back to town."

Frank Parsons looked at his friend. "Now you may see something in action. Come on, unless you're afraid of sitting in a car going 75 miles an hour. The only reply Simpson made was to follow Parsons. He sat at his side as the car roared along the state highway, then into the city until it stopped in front of a hospital. The two men dashed inside. A gray haired elderly man was waiting for Parsons.

"At a time like this you had to be away Frank," he said. "Come on up with me to the fifth floor. Marshall is sinking rapidly." The two men entered an elevator. A few minutes later Parsons was standing at the bedside of the dying man. He bent down. "Marshall, can you hear me? I'm Frank Parsons. Remember me? You want to tell me where you hid the money. Where is it?"

A bald headed man with thin sallow cheeks moved his eyelids slowly as though to acknowledge he understood. He was saving every ounce of his ebbing strength for his confession. "The money," he began, "is buried underneath the chicken coop in my back yard. You start to dig . . ." but he never finished. The attending physician looked at him once. "Sorry, gentlemen," he announced, "Louis Marshall is dead."

The elderly man who was Postal Inspector Roger Baldwin found it difficult to restrain

his emotion as the sheet was drawn over the face of the dead man. "There goes a fellow who thought he had figured out the perfect plan to steal half a million dollars. Only he forgot to take death into consideration. Do we start digging for the money today or wait until tomorrow?" Frank Parsons hesitated before replying. "I guess the sooner we get it over with the better. We should find the money within an hour."

Two days later a tired Parsons and a bewildered postal inspector looked over the back yard of the house that belonged to the late Louis Marshall. "The money must be where he buried it unless it was found by someone else," commented Parsons. "Yet how could it be found by another person. We had a day and night guard watching this place since we arrested Marshall. He told me it was beneath the chicken coop. We have dug to a depth of thirty-five feet. Where is the money?" Postal Inspector Baldwin shrugged his shoulders. "We are going to keep on digging if we have to reach China in order to get that money."

"Sadness seems to have descended upon this place," remarked a cheerful voice. It was Howard Simpson. "Wish you fellows would tell me the details of this mysterious expedition in the heart of a great city."

"It all looks so simple and yet turns out to be difficult," began Frank Parsons. "Last year Louis Marshall was a trusted bank clerk with forty years of service behind him. Through his hands passed a million dollars a week in Federal Reserve Notes. Then one day a mailbag with half a million dollars of Federal Reserve Notes vanished. In place of the money we found packages of brown paper cut to the same size. Three men were under suspicion. We finally identified the masked handwriting on the address tag as identical with a specimen of Marshall's. He confessed and wanted to make a deal with the government. Return half of the money and keep the rest. Of course we refused. He went to trial and was sentenced three months ago. On his deathbed he told me the money was underneath the chicken coop. Any suggestions?"

Howard Simpson opened a small booklet entitled 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons.' Turning to page 8, he read: "The mine detector has its use in peacetime. Should a criminal hide an object underneath the ground in a metal container, this instrument can be used to detect its presence." The FBI man shook his head sadly. "While all that may be true, you notice the one condition. There must

be a metal container. If the money were buried in boxes or clay jars, we could never spot it."

"You've got nothing to lose," challenged the newspaper man. "Why not give it a chance?" "Perhaps your friend has something with that idea of his," interrupted the Postal Inspector. "I am going to call Major Frederick Bussman on the phone and see if the army can help us."

That evening the people in the neighborhood were puzzled to see a strange machine operated by two army men. A battery of powerful searchlights was being played upon the ground. And Howard Simpson was always before the machine.

The soldier in control of the dials stopped the machine and reported to Frank Parsons. "We have checked the location of all pipes on the map. The dial shows that there is something metallic buried underneath the ground at an angle of about twenty degrees from the chicken coop. But it is on the adjoining property."

The Postal Inspector and the FBI man looked at each other as though both had just been hit by the same idea. "Marshall must have dug at an angle underneath the coop and buried the money on his neighbor's property. Let's get the necessary permission from the owner and start digging."

Some five hours later, two tired but happy law enforcement men looked at their find. There were six large boxes, each wrapped in tar-coated paper. When opened out came the bundles of Federal Reserve Notes. Howard Simpson puffed his chest. "You fellows listened to me and solved a mystery. I'm going to be a detective."

The next day Frank Parsons visited Howard Simpson. "I don't know how to begin this," said the FBI man in a most apologetic tone. "The papers have been giving you credit for the recovery of the money. You deserve it. But stick to your baby articles."

"Why?" was the one word question. "It hurts my heart to tell you this," explained Parsons. "We all agreed to keep it a secret. How could the dial show metal when the money was hidden in paper? That bothered us until we did a bit of checking. Seems you wear a metal identification band on your wrist. You dropped it on the bottom of the machine in such a position that the needle showed metal at an angle. It was your carelessness that helped us to solve the crime. Get what I mean? You better continue writing those baby articles."

The End

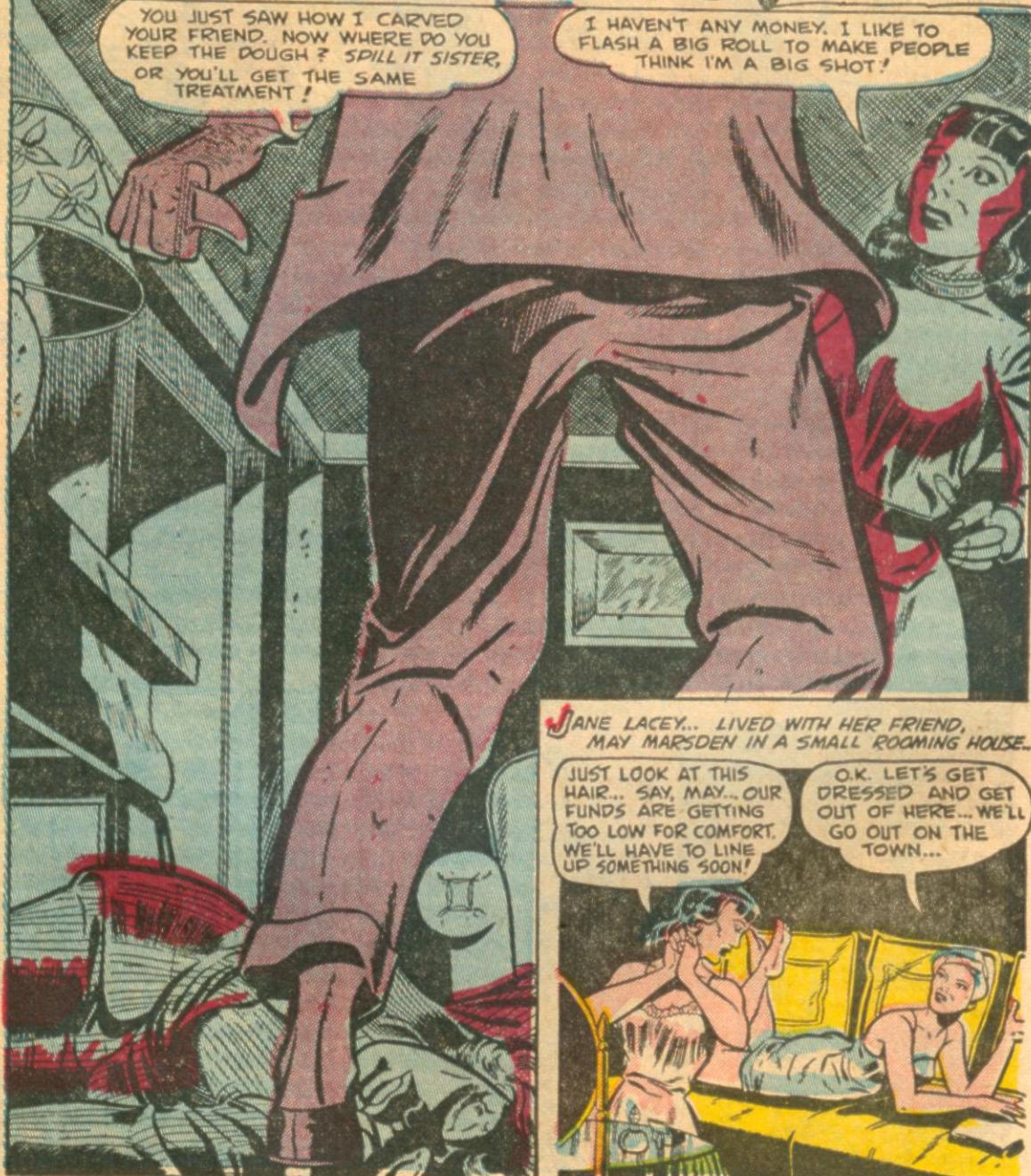
LAWBREAKERS

MURDER for NOTHING

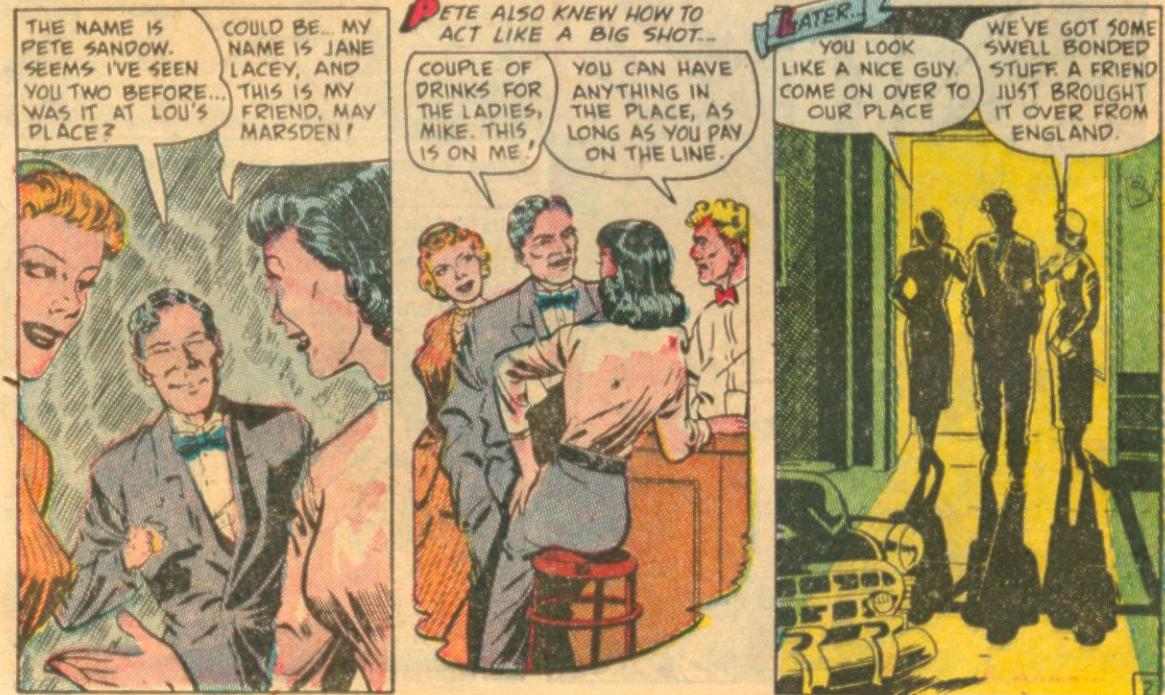
PETE SANDOW WANTED EASY MONEY AND HE WAS WILLING TO KILL TO GET IT... BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE STRANGE DOINGS OF TWO WOMEN WHO LIKED TO SHOW OFF AND THE LAW THAT WAS RELENTLESS IN TRACKING DOWN A KILLER!!!

YOU JUST SAW HOW I CARVED YOUR FRIEND. NOW WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE DOUGH? SPILL IT SISTER, OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY. I LIKE TO FLASH A BIG ROLL TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M A BIG SHOT!



LAWBREAKERS



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MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, PETE. WE'LL MIX A FEW DRINKS.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE... MAKE MINE A DOUBLE!



SAY... DID YOU PIPE THOSE RINGS HE'S WEARING? BET THEY MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST TWO GRAND!

THE GLASS ON YOUR RIGHT HAS THE MICKEY FINN... BE CAREFUL!



HERE YOU ARE, PETE. A DOUBLE, JUST LIKE YOU SAID!

NOW YOU TELL ME IF JANE ISN'T THE BEST LITTLE DRINK MIXER YOU EVER MET!



THERE'S TOO MUCH IN MY GLASS. YOU TAKE IT AND GIVE ME THE OTHER ONE.

NOW DON'T BE SILLY, PETE. DRINK IT BEFORE YOU SPILL IT!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SLIP ME A "MICKEY." I KNOW THESE DRINKS ARE LOADED! I'M NOT THE TWO-BIT JERK YOU'RE TAKING ME FOR!

YOU'RE CRAZY TO THINK WE'D PULL A TRICK LIKE THAT. YOU'RE DRUNK! GET OUT OF HERE!



AND NOW THE KILLER IN THE ENRAGED PETE CAME OUT.

SHELL OUT YOUR DOUGH OR I'LL SLIT YOUR PRETTY THROAT!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, YOU'RE HURTING ME... LET GO OF ME OR I'LL SCREAM FOR HELP!



LAWBREAKERS

YOU KILLED HER...
YOU KILLED HER...
STAY AWAY FROM ME...
PLEASE LEAVE ME
ALONE!!

I'M RUNNIN' THE SHOW
NOW, BABY! SHE HAD
IT COMING TO HER.
THE LITTLE FOOL.

YOU JUST SAW ME
CARVE YOUR FRIEND.
WHERE'S THE DOUGH?
TELL ME OR YOU'LL
GET THE SAME...

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY... I
FLASH A BIG ROLL TO
MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M
A BIG SHOT... BUT MOST
OF IT IS PHONEY!



AND SO PETE ADDED A SECOND MURDER TO HIS LIST OF CRIMES...

YOU AINT FOOLIN' ME. I GOT NO USE FOR DAMES LIKE YOU!

ARGHH!



SHE WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH! THAT CRAZY DAME! THIS IS STAGE MONEY. THEY WANTED MY RINGS. I HAD PHONEY RINGS AND THEY HAD PHONEY DOUGH!



THIS OUGHT TO LOOK LIKE MURDER AND SUICIDE. HER FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THE KNIFE. I LEFT ONLY TWO GLASSES SO THE COPS WILL FIGURE THEY WERE DRINKING... I BETTER SCRAM... I HEAR VOICES OUTSIDE.



WILL YOU HAVE TIME
TO CLEAN MY
ROOM NEXT?

JUST AS SOON AS I
GET THROUGH IN HERE...



LAWBREAKERS

HELP... HELP... THESE TWO WOMEN ARE DEAD... GET THE POLICE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MATILDA?.. UGH, WHAT A MESS!.. I'LL CALL THE POLICE AT ONCE. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!



THERE ARE ONLY TWO GLASSES WHICH SEEMS TO INDICATE THEY WERE ALONE!

THE FINGER PRINTS ARE FAIRLY CLEAR ON THIS KNIFE. LOOKS AS THOUGH ONE KILLED THE OTHER AND THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!

LOOK'S LIKE MURDER AND SUICIDE. GUESS THEY WERE DRINKING!

LET DETECTIVES MARSON AND COTTER DO THE THINKING. WE'RE ONLY TRAFFIC BOYS!



LOOK AT THAT BLOOD. SOME ONE WAS IN THAT ROOM. AS HE LEFT IT, HE STEPPED ON SOME BLOOD AND LEFT A HEEL PRINT!

THEN IT WAS MURDER AND NOT SUICIDE! TOO BAD WE CAN'T GET A HEEL IMPRINT!



THE TENANTS OF THE ROOMING HOUSE WERE QUESTIONED FOR FURTHER LEADS.

NOW MIND YOU, I'M NOT THE TYPE WHO TALKS ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE. BUT THOSE TWO WOMEN WERE ALWAYS IN BARS AND TAVERNS!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE CALL US AT THE 35TH PRECINCT!



SURE... I KNOW THOSE WOMEN. GOOD CUSTOMERS OF MINE. THE LAST MAN I SAW THEM WITH IS CALLED PETE... DON'T KNOW HIS LAST NAME. HE WORKS IN A LAUNDRY-O-MAT!

THANKS, MIKE... NOW WE CAN START CHECKING THOSE LAUNDRY PLACES!



SINCE MIKE WOULD RECOGNIZE PETE, HE WENT WITH THE POLICE...

I SORRY, NO MAN BY THE NAME OF PETE HERE... YOU MIGHT TRY THE LAUNDRY ON PARK STREET!

I KNOW WHERE THAT PLACE IS... COME, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!



LAWBREAKERS

WE'RE IN LUCK! THAT'S PETE IN THERE FIXING THAT WASHING MACHINE!

THANKS, MIKE. YOU CAN WAIT OUT HERE... WE'LL DO THE REST.



DETECTIVE COTTER'S QUESTIONS THREW PETE OFF GUARD...

WHY DID YOU KILL THOSE TWO WOMEN, PETE? THEY NEVER DID YOU ANY HARM!

I KILLED...ER... WHAT ARE YOU GUYS TRYING TO DO? PIN SOMETHING ON ME!



LOOK OUT FOR THAT WRENCH!

YOU WON'T GET ME ALIVE! I'M NOT GOING TO BURN FOR KILLING THOSE CRAZY DAMES... ARRGHH!

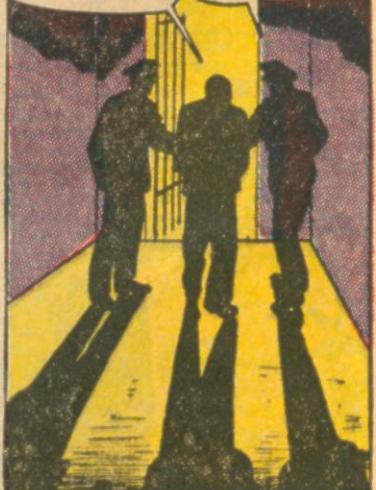


LATER... THE REPORT SHOWS JUST A TRACE OF BLOOD ON HIS SHOE. AND OF COURSE... IT MATCHES THE VICTIM'S TYPE!

IF I HADN'T STEPPED IN HER BLOOD, YOU COPS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PIN THIS ON ME!

MURDER FOR NOTHING. I KILLED THOSE DIZZY DAMES AND ALL THEY HAD WAS STAGE MONEY! YES,... MURDER FOR NOTHING!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT... IF MEN LIKE YOU COULD ONLY SEE AHEAD AND REALIZE, LAW-BREAKERS NEVER WIN!



AND SO PETE PAID FOR HIS CRIMES WITH HIS LIFE.

THE END

LAWBREAKERS

THE GUN



OKAY, PUNK, FORK UP THE TWO FIFTY AND IT'S YOURS...AND FROM NOW ON **STAY AWAY** FROM ME, SEE? YOU'VE BEEN PESTERING ME FOR THIS GUN FOR A MONTH!

AND FORGET WHERE YOU GOT IT, KID!



LAWBREAKERS

WELL, THAT WASHES UP THE PERIKSON CASE, KENNEDY AND I HOPE THAT WILL BE THE LAST ONE FOR A WHILE INVOLVING A "SOUVENIR" GUN!

YEAH, THEY'RE PLENTY HARD TO TRACE.



AT LEAST THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AS MANY OF THEM AROUND FROM THIS KOREAN THING AS THERE WERE AFTER WORLD WAR II, WHEN EVERY PUNK IN TOWN WAS CARRYING AROUND A LUGER OR MAUSER PURCHASED FROM AN EX-COMBAT VET.



CAN'T BLAME THE VETERANS TOO MUCH, THOUGH, SERGEANT FORCE. THEY BRING 'EM BACK AS SOUVENIRS, AND THEN SELL 'EM FOR WHAT THEY'LL BRING WHEN THEY GET A LITTLE DOWN ON THEIR LUCK.

I BLAME THEM FOR HALF THE TIME NOT REGISTERING THEM WITH THEIR LOCAL POLICE.



TRouble is, THE ARMY ALLOWS THEM ONLY ONE SOUVENIR PISTOL, AND SOME OF THEM BRING HOME TWO OR MORE. MOST POLICE WON'T ACCEPT REGISTRATION WITHOUT THE PROPER ARMY PAPERS...

TELEPHONE. AND THEY NEVER RING HOMICIDE UNLESS THERE'S TROUBLE...



YEAH, OKAY... WELL BE RIGHT OUT. YES, I KNOW WHERE IT IS...



HOLDUP OF AN OLD COUPLE THAT RAN A DELICATESSEN OUT AT FIFTH AND BELMONT. SHOT THEM BOTH!

WHY... THAT'S RIGHT OUT IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD, ISN'T IT?



LAWBREAKERS



NOT TOO MUCH, I'M AFRAID, SERGEANT. I HEARD WHAT I THOUGHT WERE THREE SHOTS ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK, AND STEPPED OUT ON THE STREET TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON. AS I STEPPED OUT, A YELLOW FORD TOOK OFF FROM IN FRONT OF THE DELICATESSEN. IT WAS REALLY MOVING...



I DIDN'T GET THE NUMBER... TOO DIRTY. THEN I WENT INTO THE DELICATESSEN TO SEE IF EVERYTHING WAS OKAY THERE. BOTH OF THEM THERE... DEAD...



LATER, AFTER FINISHING THEIR ON-THE-SPOT INVESTIGATION, THE TWO DETECTIVES RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS...



LAWBREAKERS

THAT'S RIGHT, SERGEANT. I WORK IN AN OFFICE ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DELICATESSEN. I SAW THE KILLER WHEN HE ENTERED HIS AUTO AT THE CURB...

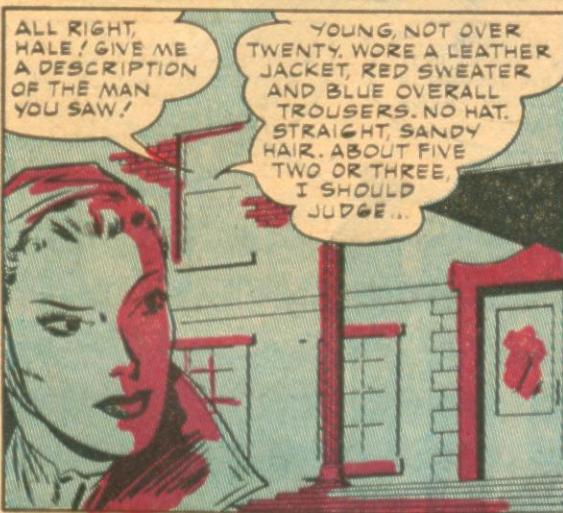
WHY THE DEVIL HAVE YOU WAITED THIS LONG TO TELL US, MAN? HE MAY BE HALF WAY TO MEXICO BY NOW...

TAKE IT EASY, SERGEANT! I'M A MARRIED MAN WITH A COUPLE OF KIDS. I'VE HEARD OF LOTS OF WITNESSES TO KILLINGS WHO DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE STAND! AND I DON'T INTEND TO BE ONE OF THEM... I CAME HERE AS SOON AS I THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO... AND THAT'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE GOOD ENOUGH!



ALL RIGHT, HALE! GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN YOU SAW!

YOUNG, NOT OVER TWENTY, WORE A LEATHER JACKET, RED SWEATER AND BLUE OVERALL TROUSERS. NO HAT. STRAIGHT, SANDY HAIR. ABOUT FIVE TWO OR THREE, I SHOULD JUDGE...



TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER, AFTER HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS, HALE FINALLY FINDS THE WANTED MAN...



JOHNNY MARR... TWO TIME LOSER. FIRST OFFENSE AT SEVENTEEN, BREAKING AND ENTERING... PROBATION FOR A YEAR. SECOND OFFENSE AT NINETEEN, AUTO THEFT. NO CHARGES BROUGHT BY OWNER. HAD TO RELEASE HIM...



...AND NOW MURDER AND ROBBERY... NICE YOUNG FELLOW!

YOU CAN GO NOW, HALE. LEAVE YOUR ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER WITH THE DESK SERGEANT ON YOUR WAY OUT. LET'S GO, KENNEDY...



LAWBREAKERS

IF THIS BIRD GETS AWAY FROM US, SERGEANT, YOU OUGHT TO MAKE IT HOT FOR THAT GUY HALE, FOR WAITING SO LONG BEFORE COMING FORWARD!

YOU CAN BE SURE I WILL, KENNEDY, YOU CAN BE SURE I WILL! THAT'S MARR'S LAST KNOWN ADDRESS RIGHT DOWN THE BLOCK. PARK HERE.

PLAINCLOTHES DICKS... AND COMING THIS WAY! IF THEY TURN IN HERE, I'LL PICK THEM OFF FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS! GOOD THING MY ROOM'S RIGHT HERE IN FRONT...

BUT MARR, NERVOUS AFTER THE DOUBLE KILLING, AND WAITING ONLY FOR DARKNESS BEFORE LEAVING TOWN, IS WATCHING FOR ANY POSSIBLE SIGNS OF PURSUIT...



KENNEDY IS FIRST UP THE STEPS, AND AS HE CROSSES THE LUGER'S SIGHTS...



LAWBREAKERS



FORCE, REALIZING SUDDENLY THAT THE ANSWERING FIRE FROM INSIDE HAS CEASED, RACES UP THE STAIRS IN TIME TO CATCH THE KILLER MAKING HIS ESCAPE FROM A REAR WINDOW...



...AND AGAIN OPENS FIRE...
THIS TIME AT A FULLY VISIBLE
TARGET!



A WEEK LATER...

ENTER,
INVALID...
AND WELCOME
HOME!



THANKS SERGEANT,
AND THANKS FOR
SAVING MY BACON,
TOO! IF YOU HADN'T
DRAGGED ME
BACK WHEN
YOU DID...



FORGET IT, WE GOT THE GUYS WHO SOLD
THE GUN TO THAT PUNK THE DAY AFTER YOU
WENT INTO THE HOSPITAL... COUPLE OF
SHARP CHARACTERS FROM ACROSS TOWN
WHO MADE A BUSINESS OF BUYING
SOUVENIR PISTOLS FROM BROKE VETS
AND SELLING THEM AT A THOUSAND PER-
CENT PROFIT TO WOULD-BE BAD MEN
LIKE MARR!



YES, AND THERE'LL BE MORE PISTOLS
BROUGHT HOME FROM THE KOREAN WAR.
SOMEHOW WE'LL HAVE TO CONVINCE THE
ARMY TO MAKE SURE THESE GUNS ARE
ALL DEACTIVATED THOROUGHLY BEFORE
THEY EVER LEAVE FOREIGN SOIL. A LEAD
PLUG IN THE BREECH OR BARREL WON'T
DETRACT FROM THEIR APPEARANCE
OR SOUVENIR VALUE IN THE
LEAST.



LAWBREAKERS

CRIME from WITHIN



YOU NEED POLICE PROTECTION, MR. HALL. JUST STAY INDOORS FOR AWHILE!

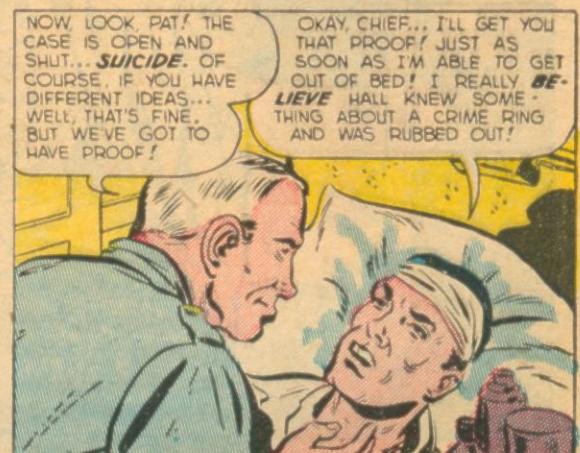
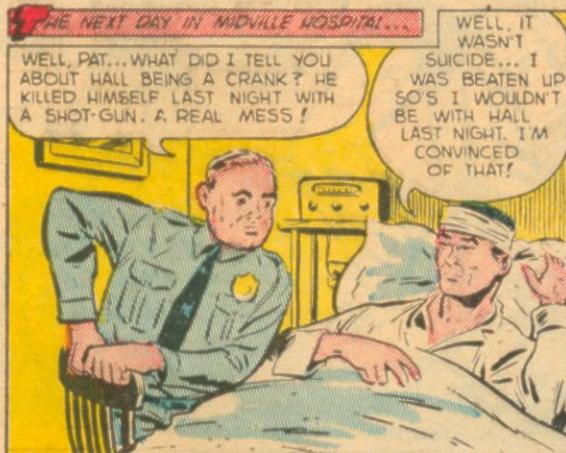
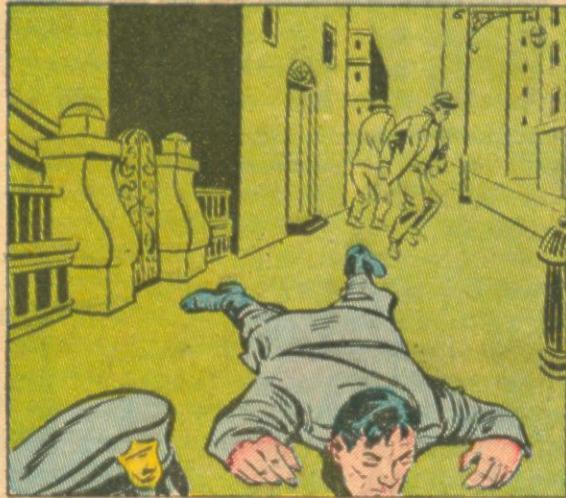
NOW, LOOK, REILLY.. THIS HALL CHARACTER IS A REAL CRANK. JUST LOOK AT THE RECORDS... TEN COMPLAINTS IN A YEAR ABOUT HIS FALSELY ACCUSING PEOPLE. HE HAS NO EVIDENCE FOR THE CRIME COMMISSION. IF YOU FEEL HE NEEDS PROTECTION, THAT'S YOUR ASSIGNMENT...

THANKS, CHIEF! I'VE GOT A FEELING THE GUY'S ON THE LEVEL THIS TIME!



LAWBREAKERS

BUT AS PATROLMAN REILLY IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO PROTECT HIS NEIGHBOR, TWO THUGS DART OUT FROM A DOORWAY AND JUMP HIM FROM BEHIND...



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



MINUTE CLUES

INSPECTOR ROSS INVESTIGATES THE MURDER OF COMMERCIAL ARTIST, JAMES KENNEDY.

I'M BOB KAENSE, KENNEDY'S BUSINESS PARTNER. I WAS LET IN BY MISS SMITH, MR. KENNEDY'S HOUSE KEEPER. WHEN HE FAILED TO APPEAR, I INVESTIGATED AND FOUND HIM IN THE TUB.



WE REMOVED THE BODY FROM THE TUB, DRIED IT OFF AND COVERED IT. WE TOUCHED NOTHING ELSE!



DID YOU AND KENNEDY EVER HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

NO... JIM HAD HEART TROUBLE. HE MUST HAVE HAD AN ATTACK WHILE HE WAS IN THE TUB AND DROWNED.



KENNEDY WAS MURDERED! KAENSE, I'M HOLDING YOU FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.



YOU SAID YOU ONLY REMOVED THE BODY AND DRIED IT OFF. YET THREE DAYS LATER IN THE TUB FOR A MAN TO DROWN UNLESS HIS HEAD WAS PUSHED UNDER THE WATER. KAENSE CONFESSIONS HE'D BEEN STEALING FIRM FUNDS AND FOUND HIM OUT.

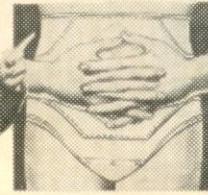
SOLUTION...



APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

With the Amazing **TUMMY FLATTENING COMMANDER**

INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*





Only \$2.98

Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way: clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces. Changeable crotch piece.

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. TR-9

113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund. (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—\$3.98.)

MY WAIST MEASURE IS.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone.....State.....

I enclose \$2.98 (or \$3.98 for sizes 48 to 60) Ward Green Co. pays postage. Some refund offer holds.

Also send.....extra crotch pieces. (75¢ each, 3 for \$2.00.)

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!

SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Sent in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't wait! Act NOW!

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY



UNDERWRITERS
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Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking
HEALTH



Take pounds off—keep slim
and trim with Spot Reducer!
Remarkable new invention
which uses one of the most
effective reducing methods
employed by masseurs and
turkish baths—MASSAGE!

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHE AND PAINS



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Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



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A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

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318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1.00, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

I enclose \$12.95. Send DeLux Model, postage pre-paid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$12.95 for DeLux Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

I enclose \$9.95. Send Standard Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!